

Joanna Newsom "Peach, Plum, Pear"

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We speak in the store
I'm a sensitive bore
You seem markedly more
And I'm oozing surprise

But it's late in the day
And you're well on your way
What was golden went gray
And I'm suddenly shy

And the gathering floozies
Afford to be choosy
And all sneezing darkly
In the dimming divide

And I have read the right book
To interpret your look
You were knocking me down
With the palm of your eye

This was unlike the story

It was written to be
I was riding it's back
When it used to ride me

And we were galloping manic
To the mouth of the source
We were swallowing panic
In the face of it's force

And I am blue
I am blue and unwell
Made me bolt like a horse

Now it's done
Watch it go
You've changed some
Water runs from the snow

Am I so dear
Do I run rare

You've changed some
Peach, plum, pear
Peach, plum

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